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TALES.

"BEAR AND FORBEAR."

FROM MRS. S. C. HALL'S TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

[Concluded.]

Part the Third.

Poor Madeline! she had overrated her strength and powers of endurance; the nearer she drew to Paris the more nervous she became—the less fitted for the task she had set herself. At one time she would order the postillions to double their speed, and the next direct them to go slower, for that she was distracted by the rapidity of the movement. More than once she felt she had done foolishly in bringing her child with her. She entertained no idea of using him, as in a drama, to draw her husband back. She knew this to be equally mean as useless, and that nothing but time could restore her husband to himself and her.

As the carriage whirled through the streets of Paris, Madeline's heart beat so quickly, that she could hardly breathe; even the servants seemed too absorbed to note the strangeness of the motley city. Arthur had been sometime asleep, and when the postillions drew up at the hotel, Mrs. Mansfield felt completely paralysed; she could not move. Her blood, stagnant for a moment, rushed suddenly to her head, which swam and reeled; and although her maid assured the servants that her mistress was only suffering from fatigue, she feared she was actually dying.

The next day, when bodily exertion had somewhat abated, Madeline collected her thoughts, and endeavoured to arrange the best, because the most effective mode of appealing to her husband. She ascertained that he was still in Paris. The lawyer was expected to arrive that evening, or the next morning. Should she suffer him to see Mansfield first, or should she go herself to her husband? There would have been no cause for deliberation, if she was certain of seeing only him. She would go at once; but could she bear to meet another? "Nothing will happen me, good Lewis," she said in reply to his respectful protest,—"nothing, believe me. Let the man drive on." The servant bowed; and the uneasy machine, lined with crimson-velvet—a specimen of finery and discomfort—proceeded to rattle over the ill-paved streets. "Open the door, Lewis," she said; "I will myself inquire."

"May God protect her!" uttered the old servant; how pale and resolute she looks, and yet how gentle!"

To Madeline's inquiries, the attendant who answered said that Monsieur was out, but "Madame" was at breakfast. Mrs. Mansfield paused, and the repeated question of "Who shall I say wishes to see her?" fell unheard upon her ear. She walked in.

It was a strange, I had almost written an unnatural, meeting—vice and virtue face to face—and yet such scenes occur almost daily in this great world, without many taking note of them. The unhappy woman, whom Madeline found reading one of the frivolous journals of the day, rose to receive her with an ease and grace of manner which, at any other time, or from any other person, would have at once prepossessed her in her favor. She requested her to sit, but Mrs. Mansfield was for a few moments incapable of motion. She stood with her eyes fixed upon the frail and delicate-looking Italian songstress, and at last, in as firm a voice as she could command, said, "My name is Mansfield." A tremor, sudden and violent, agitated the frame of the stranger; she attempted to ring the bell, but her arm fell powerless at her side; her lips moved, but no sound escaped them; and at length, after various ineffectual struggles, she fainted. Mrs. Mansfield moved to where she had fallen upon the couch, from which she had risen on her entrance. She looked at her pale face, and, upturned as it then was to the light, she saw how much older she was than she had imagined, and what strong lines, passion and—it might be her imagination, but she thought—sorrow had eaten into her exquisite and delicate features. She poured over her brow some *eau de Cologne* from a *flacon* that stood on the table, and pushed a pillow beneath her head. As she gazed on one who had done so much to destroy her peace, she felt suffocated; acute pains darted through her frame, and her head and temples throbbed violently. She was there, alone and powerless—her for whom she had been deserted. All that Madeline had ever heard or read of demons taking possession of the human form crowded her confused mind. How beautifully hideous the woman became the longer she gazed! She bent over her to examine more keenly the features she hoped never again to see, and her eyes wandered to an ornament that, suspended from a black velvet ribbon, glittered on her bosom—it was her husband's miniature! If a serpent had stung her, she could not have writhed under a more bitter pang. Strange it was that she, knowing all she did, should in a moment become so changed. Strange that a disposition to *recvenge* should rush through her heart and brain, nerving her arm, so that she could have clutched and used

a dagger in the wild anguish of that fearful moment. As if the fiend had fully prepared for that terrible passage of her fevered life, almost beneath her hand, close to where the insensible woman lay, beside the very pillow, was a glittering stiletto, one of those with jewelled handles which are used upon the stage; but the momentary phrenzy passed away as rapidly almost as it came. Bewildered by its unknown violence, dreading herself, chilled in every pore, as if the burning fever of the past emotion had drawn vitality even from her shivering heart, she staggered to the window, and throwing up the cumbrous frame, gasped in the reviving air, as if she had never breathed before.

When she recovered herself, she saw the stranger looking around with a *distract* air, rising slowly from the couch and passing her hand repeatedly across her brow, as if she was recalling the events of the minutes past. When she perceived Madeline, she clasped her hands and screamed. Mrs. Mansfield, perfectly restored, said, "Make no noise; you shall hear me; you owe me more than a few minutes' silence."

"You will not hurt me," exclaimed the trembling foreigner—"you will not hurt me?"

"May God forbid that I should hurt you? I would rather save you from yourself," was the reply. When Madeline recommenced, her voice was weak and feeble, but it gained strength as she continued. The Italian listened at first with compressed lips, a haughty and determined gathering of her brows, and her small hands so tightly clasped together, that the jewels by which her fingers were encircled pressed into the flesh, while her eyes were fixed on the ground. At first, too, Madeline's words came slowly from her lips. She drew a picture of a devoted wife and mother, one who loved as passionately, as firmly, and more holily than the person she addressed could have done—deserted by her husband and the father of her child—for whom? She paused: there was no reply. As she continued, she gained strength and courage. She used no offensive word. She remembered that the Italian was not tutored as she had been; that she was not only born of other blood, but educated—if such tutelage could be called education—in a different world; not thinking her thoughts, hardly understanding her language. Her momentary madness overcome, she was quite her noble self, and that self was full of the charity "which suffereth long and is kind." She spoke of the past—of her deep and devoted love to her husband, and of his to her; of the present—her utter desolation of heart and spirit, forsaken by

him to whose love and protection she had a right given her by the Almighty; of her child—of the effect his father's conduct must have on his after-life; how, despite her exertions to keep him in ignorance of his parent's abandonment of her and himself, he must know it hereafter, and grow up with the consciousness of his father's sin; nay, that on her would devolve the almost impossible task of dividing the sin and the sinner—teaching him to hate the one, and cleave to the other. She then passed, by means of a few rapid but heartfelt words, to the *hereafter* to which they must all come—the *hereafter* of thought and age—leading to the dread *hereafter* of the grave. Before this, she saw that, however passionate and wilful, however wayward and devoid of woman's most essential virtue, the frail creature she addressed might be *feeling* was at work within her. Her expressive features changed, her brows relaxed, large tears trembled on her eye-lashes, and her fingers move convulsively. Madeline said, that whatever her feelings might be, whatever she felt towards her she did not come armed with a wife's authority to reproach, to wound, to insult her; she came as one woman to another, to show her the abyss of guilt into which she had herself plunged, and the misery to which she had devoted others.

Madeline perceived that, prompted by a sudden impulse, she endeavored to unclasp the velvet from her throat; but her agitation prevented her effecting her purpose. She tore the band apart, flung the miniature on the ground, then springing up, her foot was raised to crush it into atoms. Madeline held her back. "No, no," she said, "that shall never be while I am present."

"There!" exclaimed the passionate woman; "you do not hate him this moment as I do—could not curse him as I could."

"See," replied Madeline, "the different character of our affections. You, whom he has so little wronged, would curse him; I, his forsaken wife, the mother of his child, pray for and bless him every hour I live."

"Oh, why!" sobbed the Italian—"why did no one tell me this before. I knew he had a wife, but did not think she was like you;" and flinging herself on her knees beside Madeline, and hiding her face in her dress, she became almost convulsed with weeping. It would have needed a sterner heart than Mrs. Mansfield's to have witnessed such sudden agony unmoved. There was none of the hardness of hopeless sin about the frail creature who clung to her—more as a child clings to a mother, than as one woman supplicates another.

"Let me weep," she said; "such tears do me good. I never shed such tears before. I thought if you came you would kill me; but you forgive me. I will sin no more. If you forgive me, I will sin no more." This, and much of the same kind, was said in the musical tones of her native tongue; and Madeline's emotions, strange as it may seem to say so, might well be envied. Here was a glorious Christian triumph. She had wrestled with and overcome herself; she had *forborne* not only violence, but reproach; and if her mission was even still to be accomplished, she had awoke in an erring woman a sense of wrong, a resolve of right—sentiments and feelings which, if properly moved, would lead many a sister from sin to salvation, even at the eleventh hour. Suddenly the Italian put her finger to her lip, and pointed

to a door which Mrs. Mansfield had not before perceived. At the same moment she picked up the miniature, placed it in Madeline's hand, and closing her fingers upon it, pressed them to her lips. "He is coming," she said in a hoarse voice; "he was not out—not up; that leads to his dressing-room." She flew across the chamber to a door at the other end, then returning and bending towards where Mrs. Mansfield sat, overwhelmed by the expectation of seeing her husband, she muttered something which Madeline did not understand, and, sobbing more bitterly than ever, quitted the apartment. Mansfield entered shortly after. Mansfield!—but how worn, how broken down he looked!—not as one from whom health fades gradually, not as one whom over-labor, or over-anxiety, works down from the healthful bright-eyed man to the bent and hallowed shadow of humanity, struggling with the toils and struggles of life, but struggling with an honest purpose and a clear conscience. Such a one may be bent and bowed to the earth, but he never can have the torn, and soiled, and haggard look that effaces God's image in the debauchee, or even in him in whom weakness produces the effects of vice. They looked at each other in silence. Mansfield would have returned whence he came, if he had the power. While she, first and most enduring in all good deeds, advanced to meet him. She could not speak. She extended her hands towards him—he saw the miniature. "I have seen her," she said? "I have exposed to her, her own sin, and she has blessed me for it;" and this was the only allusion she made, during that important interview, to his crime. On the contrary, she endeavored to draw his attention to the mere business portion of her mission; but this was impossible. He could not attend; he sank into a paroxysm of the deepest despair—reproached himself, reproached her—said he could have endured anything rather than the love she bore him—that it was a curse, a very poison. She heard all this; she heard it all, crushing her love closer into her heart—assuming a coolness of counsel, so as to assure his mind, in its present mood, that it was business—the advantage both would derive in the end, the advantage their child would derive—that brought her there—not denying her affection, but never for a moment dwelling on it. Mansfield caught at the mention of the child, and inquired if he were in Paris. He became at once anxious to see him; he would have him there: but no; he would go to him. It must be evident to all, that mere feelings, and affections, however pure and kind they might be, could never have guided Madeline through the perils of this momentous day. Her husband's eyes, unnaturally wandering, now fierce with sudden brightness, now dim, and red, and in-looking, the shivering despair which made him firm in the belief that nothing could save him, the unmanly dread of investigating the debtor and creditor columns of his accounts; all these called for her strength and made her, while she trembled for his reason, exert her own. The vacillations of the man of fashion, from whom the gilding is all worn off—the wit, whose arrows are no longer tipped with brilliants—the man, in fact, once so rich in all but *moral strength*, now poor in all things, was as tenderly beloved by his devoted wife as on the day she placed their first-born in his arms; the same rich natural unsullied love hovered with

angel wings above the wreck which, like the life-boat, she was just in time to save. There are passages in human nature so difficult to decipher that the closest observer cannot account for the workings of the various feelings and their effects, broken up, as they are, by thoughts, and motives, and intentions. Madeline could not understand how it was that her husband left the hotel without seeming to think or care for the creature whose image haunted her, even while she looked upon him. The sight of his child subdued him altogether: and as the little fellow clung round his neck, its father burst into tears so rapid and violent, that his strong frame seemed hardly able to endure the shock. Anxiously did Madeline look for the lawyer's arrival with the necessary papers; every carriage that drove into the court-yard drew her to the window. She knew that if he came *then*, Mansfield would do everything she required; but (oh, the misery of having to do with the unstable!) she could not trust him from hour to hour. She judged of the present by the past. It was nearly night and no lawyer had arrived. Subdued as her husband was by the emotions of the day, he became suddenly and alarmingly excited, talked wildly and incoherently of his past experiences, and of what his future should be, and wanted Madeline to go with him to the opera. This fancy seemed to have taken possession of his mind altogether. His poor wife would as soon almost have gone to her grave; but he insisted, and she prepared to dress. What a mockery it was, after what she had suffered during the last twelve hours! He faulted the simple arrangement of her hair. "Flowers," he said, "must be mingled there; she could not go with her hair unadorned; if she had not brought them with her, she must send out and buy them. No flowers like the French flowers;" and to delay the time, she did as he desired. But before they were placed in her hair to his satisfaction, the excitement deepened into disease. He complained suddenly of the most racking pain in his head and temples; every sound distracted him, and he could endure no ray of light; then, in the midst of his fevered description of some favourite song, he paused, and in a voice of child-like confidence, whispered, "Let me lay my head upon your bosom, Madeline; there was its first peaceful repose, and there will be its last;" but there was no repose for a head tortured with distracting fever of the brain. About an hour afterwards, the lawyer arrived, to find the unhappy man in the wildest ravings. If ever Madeline had been tempted to question the will of Providence, it was then. Before the morning dawned, her husband had ceased to recognise her; and in his wanderings, the name of another was frequently mingled with her own. The physicians said that weeks must pass before the patient had a chance of being able to attend to business of any kind, if—and they shook their heads; his frame was debilitated, his constitution anything but strong; they hoped, but they also feared; they had never seen the disease under a worse form. It was useless for the man of business to wait; when needed he would return. One thing it is necessary for the honor of human nature to record; when he arrived in London, and stated to the various persons whom the subject concerned, the circumstances under which he had left Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, they, without one single exception, expressed their determination to wait until

Mrs. Mansfield should be able to act for them, so convinced were they of her noble mind and high integrity. This compliment, when conveyed to her in the business-like letter of the solicitor, certainly made her heart beat more fervently, though she read it by the dim lamp-light of a chamber, sick well nigh to death. It was matter of astonishment to Madeline's friends how she ever lived through a month of never-ending watching and suspense. There was no rest—no reprieve. It was only the exchange of one anxiety for another. The struggle between life and death, between reason and insanity, was such, that her very devotion to the sufferer would have tempted her to pray that he might be released, had it not been for the blessed faith which, the greater the peril, the wilder the storm, will of a surety go on increasing in the true believer; that which causeth the feeble to cry to the grave for refuge, enableth the brave to defy death. Thus it was with Madeline. The strength of the spirit withstood the tremor of the flesh. Shaken for a moment, as all christians are at times—however oppressed, or worn, or weary, in the twilight, in the noon-day, in the dim midnight watches, even when she deemed him she loved in the valley of the shadow of death—*she never doubted!* Her worthy Uncle Oliver, much as he blamed her, could not avoid following her to Paris, where, despite of the kindest intentions in the world, he materially increased her discomfort, by his dislike to the country and to her husband; but nothing moved her from her duty.

She was by her husband's bedside one evening, when Mansfield, who had been for upwards of three weeks in a state that defies description, had fallen into a comparatively quiet sleep; his poor restless head was still, and his arms were quiet.—Madeline was thankful for the repose, when she thought she heard voices in the ante-room in low but earnest discourse. The chamber of the sick man was so spacious, that it took her some little time, stealing along on tip-toe, to reach the door.—There she found Lewis opposing a lady's entrance, not satisfied with his powers of persuasion, but standing so as to prevent her from entering. Madeline at once knew who the stranger was; but the instant she saw Mrs. Mansfield, she threw herself on her knees, and, in smothered accents, entreated to see Mr. Mansfield once more. "He will not know me," she murmured; "and as I am returning to my own country, I could not bear to depart without imploring you to grant me this act of mercy." Instead of repulsing her, as Lewis expected she would have done, she suffered her to follow her to the bedside, and though her hand trembled, she shaded the light from his eyes—eyes that, sleeping or waking, were unconscious of all that had occurred, and only saw the dissolving phantoms of a heated brain. The Italian looked long and earnestly upon him, and what passed in her mind can only be known to the Almighty, for she spoke no word. At last, she sunk on her knees by the bedside, and pressing her face on the counterpane, wept most bitterly. The unconscious sufferer tossed his hands, and as one rested for an instant near her, she kissed it. Madeline turned away. The quick Italian perceived it; and rising, whispered her, "It is the last—we shall meet no more." She drew the curtain, and added, "And you, can you forgive me? can you really forgive me? Can you think of and not curse me? Are you really so

good? You are not cold, but calm. Can you forgive the warm blood of the South? You, who know it not—you have that charity in the heart for a sinner—you, who have walked with your God so long?" With such murmured sentences she bent lowly before Madeline, who, deeply affected, drew her into another room.

"I do forgive you," she said; "and to prove it, if I can, now or hereafter, by taking from the small share of the comforts of life which I am likely to enjoy, I will bestow on you what will save you from the want that is so often the parent of sin. God knows how gladly I will do it. I would be your friend, and save you. Do not believe that, as a woman, having sinned, you cannot be saved. There are some, even of your own land who would urge this as a reason for your continuing in sin; but I tell you it is not so; and let this conviction be with you night and day. I, Madeline Mansfield, have told you so—I, who of all others you have most wronged. I repeat what I have learned from the book of life; I say, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

And they parted. Long after, when that ardent, erring spirit, bright, yet spotted with both folly and crime, pursued a profession replete with dangers and temptations to the purest and the best—often, amid the plaudits of approving hands—often, in the poisoned atmosphere of envy, or the cloying sickness of flattery, or the dangers of unholy jesting, did that *real* scene, and those blessed words, return to the wanderer's memory; never but to serve—often to save! When the glittering gems, false as the scenes in which they glittered, fell from her brow, and self-reproach—for much that she had left undone, and much that she had done—smote upon her heart—then would the words of forgiveness come to her, full of healing. And in her dreams, the vision of Madeline would stand before her—the image of her whom, when unseen and unknown, she hated with a southern's jealousy but who, when seen, won her by conduct so different from any thing she had imagined possible, that she became enshrined to her poor erring spirit, as a holy memory, for ever.

How many are there who pass through life without noting that in the exercise of forbearance is a mighty power—a power felt and appreciated when the storm and the reproach would be forgotten. At last the patient, whom Madeline had so watched and so prayed for, began to recover; his consciousness returned, and then he hung upon Madeline's words and Madeline's looks with apparently the same feeling which makes a child cling to its mother. His mind was even more feeble than his body. When he was able to endure an increase of light in his room, he begged that the curtain might be withdrawn; and Madeline sat writing with noiseless pen by his side. Suddenly she looked up, and saw his eyes fixed upon her.

"Speak," he said, "speak, for I can hardly believe that you are there."

Madeline smiled—a smile which expressed more than mere mortal beauty ever could—and said a few fond words.

He passed his hand over her face, and amid her hair, and then felt the arm, so thin and worn, that not a trace of its roundness remained. "How changed," he sighed—"how sadly changed; and it is all my work!" and he sobbed and cried, cov-

ering his face with his hands. This little scene was frequently repeated. She could not go near him without his recalling what she was, and blaming himself; while she assured him that now, as he was recovering, she was quite happy, and felt her happiness must increase. But time passed, and was passing, and their affairs must be speedily arranged. The agitation might cause a relapse, a return of inflammation of the brain, and either destroy life or deprive her husband of reason. Still, he was much better, and she prepared him for his lawyer's presence. He came. But before Mansfield knew of his being in the hotel, he visited Uncle Oliver, who was laid up with a fit of the gout. While Madeline's husband slumbered in the easy chair, to which he had been removed, she went to her uncle's room, and found the old gentleman in a great state of excitement. As she entered, she heard such epithets as, "the fool," "the idiot," "the senseless, brainless fool." "It's no use, Mr. Bramwell," quoth the old gentleman when Madeline stood at his side—"It's no use; but there is no such thing as a sensible woman—no such thing. One rushes into one extreme, like Mrs. Smith; and the other, like Madeline—and yet, I tell you what it is, sir," he continued, moving his gout stool with his stick—"I tell you what it is—(hang this stool; the French air, sir, has spoiled it altogether—warped the English elm, more than it could ever do to the English oak)—I'll tell what it is, it does not at all signify to such a woman as Madeline who she marries; it is sufficient that he is her husband—that is all, sir. If she had the misfortune to be married to a Frenchman—I put the case as strongly as I can—if she, Madeline, had the misfortune, though an English woman, to be married to a Frenchman, even to a Bonaparte, my belief is, she'd have followed him into exile—there!" and he struck his stick violently upon the floor.

"My dear uncle," said Madeline.

"Here, again, she gets over me, sir, with her softness, and drives me mad with her resolution.—Look at her; the shadow of herself—fading—faded; nearer death at this moment than he she has been watching over and praying for, as if he were a saint instead of a sinner."

"A saint would not need my prayers," replied Mrs. Mansfield, parrying the old gentleman's bitterness.

"A rascal," persisted Uncle Oliver.

"Uncle," interrupted Madeline, "you know I suffer neither hard names nor hard words towards him."

"Look at her now," said the old gentleman; "see how crimson her cheek is, and how her lip trembles the moment a word is said against him; and now, because she will neither quarrel with me, nor hear him abused, she walks out of the room. I'd give a hundred pounds to feed the Frenchmen one day with good roast beef, if she would only call him a rascal! but she won't—she will not. Mansfield will sign any thing she'll ask now, and so she'll give up her property; and when he gets better, he'll be off again. The evil spirit is lurking, not expelled; and then, when the devil (who likes new and rich faces) bids him good-bye, she'll believe he is reformed. My poor Madeline, my bright pure spirit, so like my sister! And you and I, Bramwell, who would have made such admirable husbands—you and I!"—and the old gentleman shook his head.

"But, sir," observed Mr. Bramwell, "do you not see that Mrs. Mansfield's happiness consists in the very sacrifices you deplore. She is like the angels—rejoicing over the one that repenteth; like the martyrs—glorifying in her duty, as they did in their faith; and, despite what you say, she will have her great reward. It is a clear impossibility that such goodness and such virtue will be without their recompense. Mr. Mansfield will strengthen in her strength, and become a new creature; he will see the world as it is—he will."

"He will do no such thing," exclaimed bitter Uncle Oliver. "When he does I will eat my crutch!"

"Remember your promise," said Mr. Bramwell, laughing. Uncle Oliver remained silent, and the lawyer again spoke. "And worn and faded as Mrs. Mansfield looks, after sufferings that would have killed persons with stronger bodies but weaker minds, she is not so worn and faded as the creature who has destroyed her husband's peace and her own by perpetual jars. Such scenes as have passed between Smith and his wife make me bless my bachelor estate. A woman who cannot indulge her husband, may marry a man of five and twenty, but ought never to venture on five-and-thirty. We stiffen mightily in all things after we pass thirty. Don't you think so, sir?"

"No, sir; I do not," said the testy Oliver. "I am an example to the contrary. I am, at sixty-six, as pliant as a willow; if I were not, how could I have gone through all I have, and in France, too; but I heard that Elizabeth had been spoken, lightly of, and that Joseph has absolutely got a habit of drinking."

"They say so," observed the cautious lawyer.

"They!" repeated Uncle Oliver, angry at what he knew was a fact receiving confirmation. "And who are 'they'?" Everybody—nobody. "They!" "They" is a regular scandal-monger—an unknown unacknowledged, unseen unanswered, unauthorised creation, quoted on all occasions, and, be he ever so great a liar, believed, while doubted—angh!"

"You asked me, or I should not have spoken on the subject, as Mrs. Smith is your relation," said Mr. Bramwell.

"And what is that to me?" exclaimed Uncle Oliver. "Do you think I am such a fool as to care for her the more for that? Relationship is no guarantee for liking or protection; if it were, would Mansfield have behaved as he did to that angel?"

"On the other hand, would she behave as she does to any—"

"Not a fair answer, sir," interrupted Uncle Oliver. "She'd behave well to every one. What do you think of her telling that woman that she'd—But it's no matter; she little thought I heard her. When I speak of Madeline, I become a fool."—And the old gentleman wiped his eyes, and then holding his stick by its crooked head, made it perform sundry evolutions in the air until it unfortunately struck his gouty toe, and then he roared so loud, as to recall his niece, and bring little Arthur scampering into the room.

Those who have not watched the fearful ravages of a disease such as Mr. Mansfield encountered are invariably shocked at the appearance of the convalescent; and while his friends, who have

been with him day and night, think how much better he is, strangers believe him to be on the brink of the grave. The witty, high-spirited, handsome Mansfield—the man whose word established the reputation of a horse, the character of a tailor, the excellence of a new opera or a new novel, and whose bow, so slight, yet, when necessary, so impressive, was reported as "the most elegant thing in the Park"—was now a worn, attenuated, panting skeleton, unable to think, but not to feel, tears rushing on the smallest occasion to his aching eyes; while his mind, reeling from over-wrought excitement and disease, could not rely upon itself. It was piteous, while he signed and assigned, and did as Madeline requested, to hear his child-like entreaties that she would not wrong herself, that she would leave him to perish rather, that she would let things take their course; while she soothed and calmed him, fixed, in her high-mindedness, in her purpose to save his credit at the last, and pass most likely all the remainder of her days in comparative poverty, glorying—as she smoothed the abundant tresses of her boy's head—in the feeling that her practice and precept would, by God's blessing, give her such power over her son's education, that he would feel hereafter that the glory of an honest name was better than the glitter of dishonored gold.

"Did you see her when her folly was completed?" whispered Uncle Oliver to Mr. Bramwell. "Did you ever see such a change in a human being? You would have thought that she had just received, instead of having just resigned, a fortune; while her husband was ya-ing and ha-ing, and wiping his eyes;" and then Uncle Oliver wiped his. "Now, I suppose, they will have about four hundred a-year to live and educate their child on. The child's maid, I find, is to return to England with you; and to-morrow, as Mansfield is able to be moved, they leave the hotel and go to Versailles. Ah, sir, she has sold every jewel she had in the world, and offered Lewis six months' wages to leave them; but the old fellow fell on his knees, and entreated to remain. Don't talk to me about the wickedness of human nature. Sir, I glory in human nature. There are specimens of it in all ranks of life, that should have temples built to them.—Those who undervalue it do not deserve well of it; you may carry that as a conviction to your grave."

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Bramwell.

"I am, sir; I am always right; and I am right in leaving Madeline for a time. It breaks my heart that I have not thousands to give her. I try her too much, and she has plague enough without me. I want to see after that fool Smith and his wife, and shall be in London a day or two after you."

Madeline was now alone with her husband, settling her expenditure to their narrow means, and rejoicing that she had been able to defray the cost of his illness from a fund raised by the sale of her jewels. At first, Mansfield's returning health brought back many of his old habits, and though he tried to restrain them, the very necessity for doing so produced an irritability of temper that would have worn out any human being less sweet than Madeline. It is certain that we are less grateful for large than for small sacrifices. If Mrs. Mansfield had been content to think, "I have given up

a fortune to save and to reclaim him, and will do no more," she would never have succeeded. A great sacrifice is very frequently felt as a reproach when a small one is considered a mark of affection. Once, and only once, he questioned her as to the events of the day when she visited his hotel. Certainly it would be easier for any woman to praise the exquisite delicacy and truth of her statement, than to follow her example; it is the passage in her life which has always been to me the most exalted. It was a glorious thing to hear her doing justice to one whom a woman of ordinary mind would have considered a rival; while, by her noble conduct, she, without intending it, raised herself immeasurably above all comparison with the Italian. Mansfield, abashed more by her heroism of the heart, than by all her more business-like exertions or patient endurance, implored her forgiveness, and spoke of his being so degraded in such sinless eyes as hers, with the simplicity of a child that makes confession at its mother's knees. She told him how the spirit of jealousy and revenge had stirred within her, and how little she deserved that he should rate her so highly. And now, poor as they were, Madeline began to feel the reward of her forbearance. Never, in the days of his early love, had Mansfield evinced the same continuing tenderness, guarded by a watchfulness over himself, that he did now: he seemed to look upon her as a protecting angel. When still weak from any exertion, he leant upon her arm in their morning and evening walks; when she worked, or read or wrote, or philosophised in her own quiet way (which she could not think philosophy) upon past times, and tried to make Mansfield deem well of Uncle Oliver, or play the tutor to his son, an occupation which seemed to interest him in earnest—at all these times he gained not only strength of body but all unhealthy excitements being far from him, his mind, refined and polished, strengthened also. He was, like all of his peculiar temperament, much the creature of habit, and what he did to-day, he wished to do to-morrow. His affairs had been at last skillfully managed, and he could not meet a man whom he need have been ashamed to look in the face. Still, the idea of being called "poor Mansfield" haunted his imagination so much, that Madeline had never hinted at their return to England, which she still fondly thought of as their home. It certainly did them both honor to see how they brought their habits to the level of their circumstances, enjoying existence, notwithstanding the shadows left by the past. Mansfield would have been much happier, had it not occurred to him so frequently as to retard his recovery, that his wife was hastening before him to another world; and certainly those who had known her a few months before, would hardly have recognised the outline of her former self. They had been inhaling the soft evening breeze, which does not bring, as with us, those heavy dews fraught with danger, now sauntering along a shaded alley, and then sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, when, just as they were seated, they heard a laugh from the path they had quitted, and immediately after the sounds of English voices.

Mansfield grew at once red and then pale. "It is really too bad," he exclaimed; "we must plunge farther into the depths of France to escape these perpetual intrusions."

Madeline's color also heightened, but from a dif-

ferent cause—she thought she knew the female voice. "How shall we retreat?" she said; "we must pass them to get home."

Mr. Mansfield rose, and took hold of Arthur's hand. "If we walk quickly, he replied, "we can pass the wood before they leave it." But he mis-calculated; a group of persons emerged from the shade as they reached the spot of which Mr. Mansfield had spoken.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the lady, in a loud, strange tone, "there are the poor Mansfields!" and the same moment Mrs. Mansfield's hand was grasped, and her cheek kissed, by little Mrs. Smith.

As well as Mr. Mansfield's confusion and annoyance permitted him to observe, there were two ladies and two gentlemen of the party, one of whom was Mr. Orepoint, who advanced and held out his hand to Mr. Mansfield.

"Well," continued Mrs. Smith, with more than her usual volubility, "who could have fancied meeting you here, after all that we heard; but, Madeline, you were always an angel." Then turning to Mansfield, she said, holding up her finger, while her jewelled cassolette dangled from her hand, "Ah, you naughty boy! Indeed, you are such a naughty man, that I don't think I shall speak to you! You know I am not at all like my cousin?"

"I am quite aware of it," said Mr. Mansfield, bowing proudly.

"Not a bit. My goodness, how ill you both look! But no wonder, you have gone through so much. We drove down here to see the water-works, or fire-works, or whatever they are; but it's the wrong day, so we must come again."

"And where is your husband?" inquired Madeline; while Mr. Mansfield, having regained his self-possession, addressed a few words to Mr. Orepoint.

Mrs. Smith's countenance darkened. "Oh, you need not put on your most proper face. We go on much as usual; but he is at the place where we dined. He remained with another of our party drinking brandy and water, and discussing moral theories. I tell you frankly, Madeline, I shall not be able to hear him much longer."

"Hush, here they come," said her companion, touching Mrs. Smith's sleeve; "here they come; do let us run away down this valley; I know the path. *Alons, alons, messieurs!*"

"*An revoir!*" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, taking Mr. Orepoint's arm, and following the lady—"an revoir!"

And they did come. Joseph Smith—and his friend, I suppose I must call him, stood, not very steadily, either the one or the other, before the Mansfields, while the tone of the *revoir* fluttered and ached in Madeline's ear.

"I beg your pardon," said poor Smith, lifting his hat, for he did not recognise them immediately and he looked stupidly wise while he spoke—"I beg your pardon; but have you seen my wife?"

Few words ever caused Mrs. Mansfield a more acute pang than these. The kind, simple, absent and thoughtless man, so completely, so entirely changed. There was a tipsyness about his dress and gestures—in the way his foot moved when he meant to stand still, as if it clawed the earth for support—in the careless rest of his hat, and the slothful sit of the stock and half-buttoned waist-

coat. Absent and strange he had always been, but it used to be the absence of mind, not the presence of semi-intoxication.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he repeated; "but have you seen my wife?"

"Do you not know me?" said Mr. Mansfield.

"And me?" added Madeline.

He was, indeed, earnestly rejoiced to see them. "I know you!" he repeated; "to be sure I do, and have heard so much about you. Why, you were town-talk for a month; first abused, and then praised, and then forgotten. Know you?"

Mansfield turned away, and Mrs. Mansfield raised her finger to her lip. Mr. Smith understood the sign.

"I would rather see you, Mrs. Mansfield, than any living creature," he said.

"You are the only one who can do anything with her. She is worse than ever. We separated—yes, that was it—and then it was made up by Uncle Oliver, and I agreed to bring her here for a treat; but we quarrelled all the way. And here we met Orepoint—and then—and then—these last two days she has been like—But it's the champagne," he added in confidential tone. "She drinks—she does, faith. She drinks—and when a woman does that, why it's impossible to tell what a woman may do who is too fond of champagne."

"Or a man either," said Madeline, looking steadily at him.

"That's severe for you," he said, returning the look with his dim and filmy eyes. "A man like me, who can propound great moral theories, is not likely to do that; it's contrary to all philosophy.—But she's a fool, and you cannot give to fools the understanding of the wise. I never could comprehend myself how our little disagreements grew into such feuds, though I had an inkling of it"—he paused with a most painful gravity—"the Sunday before we left home, when the rector preached about a grain of mustard seed growing into a great tree; that was it, our first disagreement was the grain of mustard seed, our last, the great tree.—My life is a curse to me—a deliberate curse. Perhaps you could talk to her. But how very odd I am. I must go and console Mansfield, and tell him all the people said."

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted the anxious wife, "do not speak to him at all of the past; he cannot bear it. Oh! do understand me; Mansfield cannot bear to hear of the past."

"Oh, very well—as you please," answered Smith, with an air of stupid astonishment; "as you please. Not hear of the past; oh, very well, I'll take care to remember that. I remember, too, what you told me about clubs, and I told her of it; but she drove me there to get rid of me. That's a charming thing; a man marries to make his home comfortable, and then his wife drives him to the club—ah?"

Madeline could endure a great deal, but she could endure this no longer; it was sickening, more than she could bear. The mixture of truth and stolidity, the aspect of the man so changed, his hanging cheeks, and meaningless eyes all spoke the rapid issue of what she feared. Many persons are knitted together, and endure the tortures (which early and steady attention to the golden rule, BEAR

AND FORBEAR, would prevent) for their children's sakes, but the Smiths were not bound by any such tie, and the result was before her. Sad as it was to see the wreck of such a human being, it is almost impossible to conceive the revulsion of feeling which Madeline experienced when her eyes rested upon her husband. Worn and ill as he still was, she thought he had never looked so dignified, as if, having cast away all that obscured his better qualities, he had grown above himself. Contrary to his usual practice, Mansfield told Mr. Smith where they resided, and then they pursued their homeward walk; while Mr. Smith amused a party of Frenchmen whom he met, by asking "if they had seen his wife?"

"Madeline," said her husband, after they entered her apartment, "I do not think I ever felt the fullness of what you have done for me, until within the last hour. My God! if you had been such a woman as your cousin, what should I have been now? How you have borne with me, and why, I cannot tell. I have been your bane, while you have been my blessing. May He, who gave me an angel as my guardian, make me in some degree worthy of her. Oh, if I could but obliterate from your memory my past neglect, my unfaithfulness, I should care for nothing else; for, in all the business transactions which you investigated, there was no dishonor!"

"Thank God," replied Madeline, "there was not, and I knew there would be none; and He also knows, that my love is as deep for you as ever."

"I know that," he replied; "but your trust is gone."

She raised her eyes to his—eyes whose lustre had never been dimmed by the least wavering of untruth.

"It is gone!" he repeated passionately.

"It was gone, dear Mansfield," she answered. "It has returned: it has been returning long, when day by day, I have heard you read and explain to our boy the words of Holy Writ. When we knelt together in this land of a faith foreign to our own, and prayed to our Creator, as I think we never prayed before; when I have seen how eagerly you drank of the fount of living waters, strengthening your spirit, without the parade of words, or cant of reformation, oh! how I have bowed in gratitude to Him who has poured his grace into your soul! Yes, I do trust; for your trust is established where the powers of evil cannot prevail against it." And Mansfield believed her.—Well he knew, that though he might deceive himself, Madeline would never deceive him. Is not the establishing such gracious confidence as this one of the best triumphs of wedded life?

It was long since they had enjoyed such happiness; the night was passing, but they noted it not; former times were talked of, but Madeline had the blessed power of abstracting their sting. And when she painted a future, it was not with the vividness of an exaggerating dreamer, but with the reality of the exercise of Christian conduct, calling the best energies of our nature into action, in the full confidence that such is the desire of God and trusting that He will bless them.

Mansfield hardly ventured to plan for the future though his mind, healthier than it had ever been, purified by the fire of adversity it had passed through, was beginning to desire a more active and

useful existence. They watched the moon climbing the heavens, and the stars silently pursuing their noiseless and appointed paths, and were astonished when they found it was near midnight.—Mansfield was about to shut the window at which they had been seated, when they heard a rush in the garden, and, guided by the light, footsteps ascended to their room, and the haggard face, and wild, beamless eyes of poor Smith glared upon them.

"Is she here?" he inquired breathlessly; "is my wife here? Have you seen her? For the sake of mercy tell me so."

The Mansfields assured him they had not; and he then told them that neither she nor Mr. Orepoint had returned to the hotel, although their companions had—saying they missed them in the wood, and expected to find them there. This intelligence completely sobered the unfortunate husband, although it had evidently not restored him to his senses. He sent the police in search of "his wife" in every direction; and then it occurred to him that it might have been only a freak to frighten him, and that she had gone to her cousin.—Pained and distressed, the Mansfields entreated him to remain with them until the morning. He consented to do so, weeping like a child, then bursting forth into loud indignation. Then wailing again. "If she had only borne my little faults—oh, if she had but borne them—instead of being what I am—what I feel I am—I might have been honored in a peaceful home. Let no man say I will be honored, I will be respected, unless his wife wills he shall be so."

The first light of day was streaming through the sky, as they watched the unhappy man making his way through the mazes which led to the old chateau, of which they occupied a portion; and as they closed the window, Madeline said—"There was truth in what he said of the grain of mustard seed—their first quarrels were hardly as large as that; yet see the fearful termination. I warned and watched, but her folly and obstinacy were both deaf and blind."

Mrs. Mansfield never saw her unfortunate cousin after that night, though, in three weeks, she heard she was deserted by a man who never cared for anything beyond amusement, and who lamed her husband for life in a duel in the Bois-de-Boulogne; and the jesters of the time called him "The Wife Hunter!" He is sometimes seen at the British Museum, and sometimes limping about the genuinely old curiosity shops—having taken to antiquity as a solace, instead of brandy, which he says Mrs. Mansfield persuaded him to give up—not, however, before it had injured his constitution.

It is time this story were concluded; and yet how limited its space to describe the events of a life. I have, after all, made but a feeble sketch of Madeline; and though Uncle Oliver has not ate his crutch, he confesses he ought to have done so; for he has ceased to call her husband "a rascal."

The Mansfields had not been a year abroad, when an excellent appointment was offered him in one of the public offices. He shrank from a London residence, fearing to meet cold eyes and distant bows from those who revelled with and in his wealth. And Madeline—what said she? Why, she laughed, and said, surely her husband jested; if such looked cold they would look colder; and if

a distant bow were given, not only seem, but wish to cut the giver. And she walked down the streets where once her carriage rolled, with the dignity of a most honored and honorable woman; and those who saw it were ashamed to call them "the poor Mansfields" any longer—for self-dignity commands even a fool's deference. And by degrees, to the delight of the faithful Lewis, carriages drove up to their door, and she received visitors as if they had parted but yesterday, yet declined their invitations as cheerfully as Mansfield had declined "the club;" and then her son—if she had no other reward for her past endurance, his honor and his love might have been envied by the mother of the Gracchii; and his father loved him as dearly, and was as proud of him as she was—nay is; and it is delightful to see how the young honor her; how husbands point her to their wives, and mothers to their daughters; and even while all lament they cannot be like her, yet all believe in her, and still she is unconscious that she deserves either praise or admiration.

MISCELLANY.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Why should we fear to lose that, which, being lost, cannot be regretted? And, since we are menaced by death under so many forms, is it not a greater evil to fear them all, than to suffer one of them? Of what importance, is it when it happens, since it is inevitable? When Socrates was informed that the thirty tyrants had condemned him to death, he replied, "And nature them." What folly it is to torment ourselves respecting the instant that is to relieve us from all our afflictions.—It is equal weakness to lament that we shall not live a hundred years to come, as it is to lament that we did not exist a hundred years since. A long life, and a short life, are rendered equal by death; for the long and the short do not appertain to what does not exist. Aristotle relates, that there are little animals on the river Hypanis, that live but one day; that which dies at the hour of eight in the morning, dies in its youth; that which dies at five in the evening, dies in the decrepitude of old age. Which of us would not think it ridiculous that happiness or unhappiness of such short duration should be considered as a matter of any importance? The longest and the shortest in the life of man, when compared with eternity, or with the duration of planets, mountains, rivers, trees, or even with that of some animals, is not less ridiculous.

Nature commands it. "Leave (she says) this world as you entered into it; the same passage which you made from death to life, without emotion and without fear, will lead again from life to death. Your death is one of the parts of the order of the universe; it is a part of the life of the world. Shall I change for you this beautiful structure of things? It is the condition of your creation; it is a part of you—is death; in endeavoring to fly from it, you avoid yourself. Death touches much more rudely, and more essentially, the dying, than the dead. If you have profited by life, you have been well repaid for it; leave it, then, satisfied. If you have not known how to employ it; if it has been useless to you; why should the loss of it trouble you? What do you wish with it again?

Life in itself is neither a good nor an evil; it is the place of good and evil, according to the mode in which it is employed; and, if you have lived one day, you have lived wholly: one day is like every day. There is no other light—no other night. This sun, this moon, these stars, this disposition of things—is the same that your grandfathers have enjoyed, and the same which will be contemplated by your latest descendants. And, to state the worst, the distribution and acts of my comedy are exhibited within a single year. If you have contemplated the changing of the four seasons, you will find that they embrace the infancy, the adolescence, the manhood, and the old age; of the world. It has played its part; it knows no other trick, but to recommence; and it will for ever be the same.

Give place to others, as others have to you.—Equality is the first principle of equity. Who can complain at being included in what all are included? You will continue to live in vain: you will not shorten the time which you have to pass in death; it is as nothing. You will be as long in that state, as if you had died in your infancy.

Death is less to be feared than nothing—if there were any thing less than nothing. It does not concern you, either dead or alive; alive, because you are; dead because you are no more.

The utility of living is not in the space of life, but in the usage that is made of it. He may have lived long, whose life has been of short duration. Attend to it, while you enjoy it: it depends on your will, not on the number of years, whether or not you have had enough of life. Do you think that you will never arrive where you are incessantly going? There is no road that has not a termination; and, if company can solace you, does not the world itself take the same course with you?—Thousands of men, thousands of animals, and other creatures, die in the same instant as that in which you die. You have seen many who have ardently sought death;—being thereby relieved from great miseries. But you have never seen one that has found it an evil. It is a great instance of simplicity, to condemn a thing which you have no knowledge of, either from your own experience, or that of others. Why do you complain of me, and of destiny? Have we injured you? Should you govern us, or we you?

Chiron refused immortality when he was informed of its conditions, even by the god of time and of duration, Saturn, his father. Imagine, indeed, how much less endurable, and more grievous, would eternal life be to man, than that which I have given to him. If you could not die, you would curse me incessantly for having deprived you of the power of death. I have from the first mingled somewhat of bitterness with life, in order to prevent you, considering the pleasures that may thence be derived, from embracing it with too much avidity, and want of discretion. In order to lead you to assume this degree of moderation, neither to fly from life, nor to rush to death, which I demand of you, I have tempered them both with sweetness and with bitterness. The water, the earth, the air, and fire, and the other parts of this my structure, are not more my instruments of life than of death. Why do you fear your last day? It does not contribute more to your death than each of the preceding. Every day has conducted you to.

wards death ; on the last you have there arrived." Such are the good instructions of Nature.

ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

MANY of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the Swiss doctor Michael Scuppach, of Lengnau, in the Emmenthal, who was highly celebrated, and much in vogue in the last century. He is mentioned by Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Travels in Switzerland*, who himself consulted him. There was a time when people of distinction and fortune came to him, particularly from France and Germany, and even from more distant countries ; and innumerable are the cures which he performed upon patients given up by the regular physicians. There were once assembled in Michael Scuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world ; partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity ; and among them many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous Doctor ; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquis had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation, there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow white beard, a neighbour of Scuppach. Scuppach directly turned away from his great company, to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'ors on it, and had it carried to the marquis, who of course could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."

ORTHODOXY.

ORTHODOXY says a reverend writer, will cover a multitude of sins, but a cloud of virtues cannot cover the want of the minutest particle of orthodoxy : whatever you do, be orthodox. Nevertheless, it might be easily shown, that all Christian churches have suffered more by their zeal for orthodoxy, and by the violent methods taken to promote it, than from the utmost efforts of their greatest enemies.

LUXURY.

THE conqueror of conquerors—the consumption of states—the dry-rot of the constitution—the avenger of the defeated and oppressed. Poverty,

conquest, wealth, luxury, decay ; such is the history of the world. Mandeville's position, that private vices are public benefits, and that individual luxury, even when pushed to a faulty excess, is a public advantage, cannot be maintained ; for nothing that is injurious to one, can be good for many.

MONASTERY.

A house where men are seduced from their public duties and fall naturally into guilt, from attempting to preserve an unnatural innocence. "It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian Convent for fear of being immoral, as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. When that is done he has no longer any merit, for though it is out of his power to steal, he may all his life be a thief in heart. All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle."

MAN.

AN image of the Deity, which occasionally acts as if it were anxious to fill up a niche in the temple of the Devil. The only creature which, knowing its mortality and immortality, lives as if it were never to die, and too often dies as if it were never to live :—the soul being gifted with reason, the only one that acts irrational :—the nothing of yesterday—the dust of to-morrow. Man is a fleeting paradox, which the fulness of time alone can explain ; a living enigma, of which the solution will be found in death.

SMALL BEER.

AN undrinkable drink, which if it were set upon a cullender to let the water run out, would leave a residuum of — nothing. Of whatever else it may be guilty, it is generally innocent of malt and hops. Upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, it may be termed liquid bread, and the strength of corn.—Small-beer comes into the third category of the honest brewer, who divided his infusions into three classes—strong table, common table, and lamentable. An illiterate vendor of this commodity wrote over his door at Harrowgate, "Bear sold here !" "He spells the word quite correctly," said T. H. "if he means to apprise us that the article is his own *Bruin* !"

TIME

THE most ready and effectual method of acquiring a knowledge of musical time, is that of playing in concert ; and the larger the band, the greater is the probability that it's (time) will be correctly kept. It has been found that in a watchmaker's shop the time-pieces or clocks connected with the same wall or shelf, have such a sympathetic effect in the keeping of time, that they stop those which beat in irregular time ! and if any are at rest, set agoing those which beat accurately.

ADMITTING yourself out of court, a legal phrase, signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candour was well illustrated by the Irishman, who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles !" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance ; it must have been accomplished when the days were longest."

"To be sure it was ; I admit that," cried the ingenious Hibernian.

YANKEE REASONING.

A SCHOOLMASTER, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked by a neighbor what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied, he had two good and substantial reasons : in the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man ; and in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense.

"MOTHER," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg shells ?" "Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother ; "but what do you ask such silly questions for ?" Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied the promising chip.

"MOTHER," said a little boy the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on earth ?" "They are not—why do you ask ?" "Because they have no mothers to spank them."

"TOM," said a girl to her sweet heart, "you have paid yer distresses to me long enough ; it is time you were making known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her hopeful son, who was in a short time to be married "you are getting thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and I expect shortly you will see my rib."

SAM, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world? Because dey *nore* ebery ting.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

NEW RAT TRAP.—Take a smooth kettle, fill to within six inches of the top with water, cover the surface with chaff or bran, place it where the rats harbor, and it will drown all that get into it. Thirty-six were taken in one night by this process.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up half a pail full of lime and water, take half a pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot.—Stir it well and it is ready for use.

MAKE THE TEETH WHITE.—Rub them with a mixture of honey and pure charcoal.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. A. H. White Creek, N. Y. \$0.50 ; P. M. Bridgewater, Conn. \$1.00 ; E. H. Chaplin Conn. \$1.00 ; A. T. Jr. Housick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00 ; J. H. I. Van Hornesville, N. Y. \$4.00 ; P. M. Richfield Springs, N. Y. \$4.00 ; E. S. E. Ira, N. Y. \$1.00 ; J. W. Norwalk, O. \$2.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 2d inst. by Rev. Le Roy Church, Mr. John W. Titamore, of Red Hook, to Miss Elizabeth Martin, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Le Roy Church, Mr. John T. Selfridge, Esq. of Greenfield, Saratoga Co. to Miss Cordelia Crippen, of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Le Roy Church, Francis Forshaw to Mary Jane Hildreth, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by Rev. Geo. Cole, Mr. William Frederick Ball to Miss Mary Thompson all of this city.

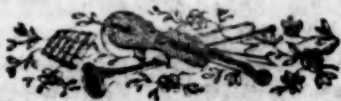
By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Henry Acker to Martha M. McAllister, both of Stuyvesant Landing.

At Ancram, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Ham, Mr. Asa Dean, to Miss Mary Ann Bellows, of the former place.

At Troy, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lounsbury, Mr. John W. Crissey, of Peekskill, to Miss Ann Waterbury, of Troy.

DEATHS.

At Johnston, R. I. on the 28th ult. Mr. Shadrach Manton. At Lockport, Will Co. Illinois on the 29th Oct. last, Mrs. Ann Eliza Parks wife of George Parks, aged 35 years.



POETRY.

From Willis's Poems.
BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

"The heart that we have laid near before our birth, is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us."—PHILIP SLINGSBY.

My birth-day!—Oh beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.

I did not think to count another

Before I wept upon thy knees—

Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check.

I weep—albeit here alone—

As if I hung upon thy neck,

As if thy lips were on my own,

As if this full, sad heart of mine,

Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years! How looks she now?

What light is in those tender eyes?

What trace of time has touched the brow

Whose look is borrowed of the skies

That listen to her nightly prayer?

How is she changed since he was there

Who sleeps upon her heart always—

Whose name upon her lips is worn—

For whom the night seems made to pray—

For whom she wakes to pray at morn—

Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings stir,

Who weeps these tears—to think of her!

I know not if my mother's eyes

Would find me changed in slighter things;

I've wandered beneath many skies,

And tasted of some bitter springs;

And many leaves, once fair and gay,

From youth's full flower have dropped away—

But, as these looser leaves depart,

The lessened flower gets near the core,

And, when de-erected quite, the heart

Takes closer what was dear of yore—

And yearns to those who loved it first—

The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?

Am I remember'd in my home?

When those I love for joy are met,

Does some one wish that I would come?

Thou dost—I am beloved of those!

But, as the school boy numbers o'er

• Night after night the Pleiades

And finds the stars he found before—

As turns the maiden off her token—

As counts the miser eye his gold—

So, till life's silver cord is broken,

Would I of thy fond love be told.

My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—

Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again

Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,

My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,

And, link by link, draws nearer thee—

When land is hailed, and from the shore,

Comes off the blessed breath of home,

With fragrance from my mother's door

Of flowers forgotten when I come—

When port is gained, and, slowly now,

The old familiar paths are passed,

And, entering—unconscious how—

• I gaze upon thy face at last,

And run to thee, all faint and weak,

And feel thy tears upon my cheek—

Oh! if my heart break not with joy,

The light of heaven will fairer seem;

And I shall grow once more a boy:

And, mother!—'twill be like a dream

That we were parted thus for years—

And once that we have dried our tears,

How will the days seem long and bright—

To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first born!"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!

WOMAN.

From "Epistles from Bath," by Q in the Corner.

Oh woman! by nature ordained to bestow
Ev'ry joy that enlivens us pilgrims below;
Through life ever hovering near to assuage
The ill that assail us from boyhood to age:
In every affliction man's surest relief—
In sickness his nurse, and his solace in grief;
When his spirit is clouded by error and shame,
Her tenderness still may the truant reclaim:
And he whom no threats and no terror could move,
Will bow to the milder dominion of Love.
In the realms of the gay we behold her advance,
All lightness and loveliness joining the dance;
But the revellers gone, in seclusion she moves,
Regardless of all save the one that she loves.
Enchantress! adorned with attractions like these,
In mind and in person created to please;
Oh! why will you sully the charms you possess,
Instructing mankind how to worship you less?
Thus perfect by nature, can fashion impart
One additional charm with the finger of Art?
No—fruitless the search for fresh beauties must be,
While all that is beautiful centres in thee."

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

MOURN not the dead—shed not a tear
Above the moss-stain'd sculptured stone,
And weep for those whose living woes
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.
Grieve not to see the eyelids close
In rest that has not fever'd start;
Wish not to break the deep repose
That curtains round the pulseless heart.
But keep thy pity for the eyes
That pray for night, yet fear to sleep,
Lest wilder, sadder visions rise
Than those o'er which they waking weep.
Mourn not the dead—'tis they alone
Who are the peaceful and the free;
The purest olive-branch is known
To twine about the cypress tree.
Crime, pride and passion, hold no more
The willing or the struggling slave;
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
And hatred dwells not in the grave.
The world may pour its venom'd blame,
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapp'd bier;
Some few may call upon the name,
And sigh to meet, a dull, cold ear.
But vain the scorn that would offend,
In vain the lips that would beguile;
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,
Are mock'd by death's unchanging smile.
The only watchword that can tell
Of peace and freedom won by all,
Is echo'd by the tolling bell,
And traced upon the sable pall!

SONG OF A HUMBLE MAID IN LOVE WITH A
PEERSON OF NOBLE RANK.

WER'T thou, like me, in life's low vale,
With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
But parted by severe degrees,
Far different must our fortunes prove;
May thine be joy—enough for me
To weep, and pray for him I love.
The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs ever own.
Nor will I through life's weary years,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

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